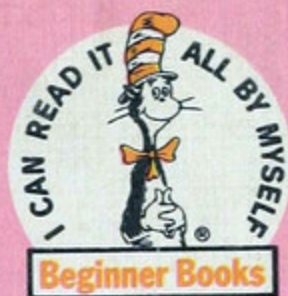


# The Best Nest



by P. D. Eastman



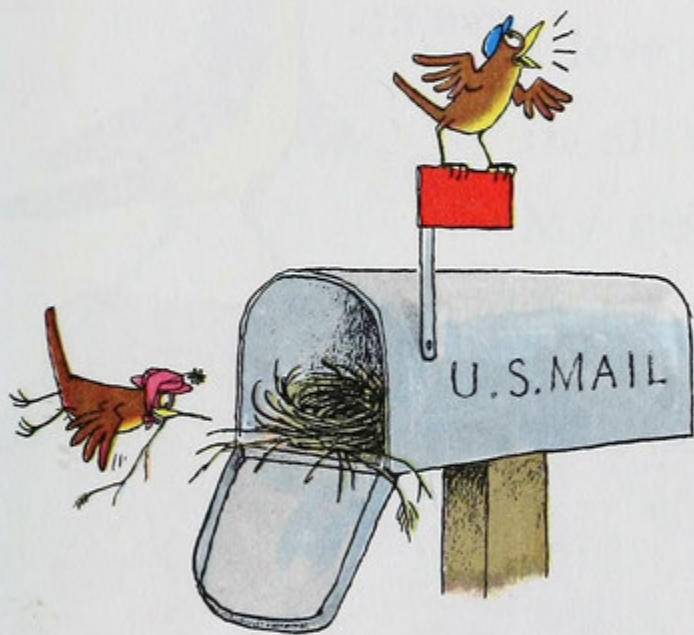




**BOOK CLUB EDITION**



# The Best Nest



Written and Illustrated by  
P. D. EASTMAN

**Beginner Books**

A DIVISION OF RANDOM HOUSE, INC.

To H. P. G.

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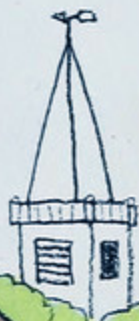
Mr. Bird was happy.

He was so happy he had to sing.

This was Mr. Bird's song:



"I love my house.  
I love my nest.  
In all the world  
My nest is best!"

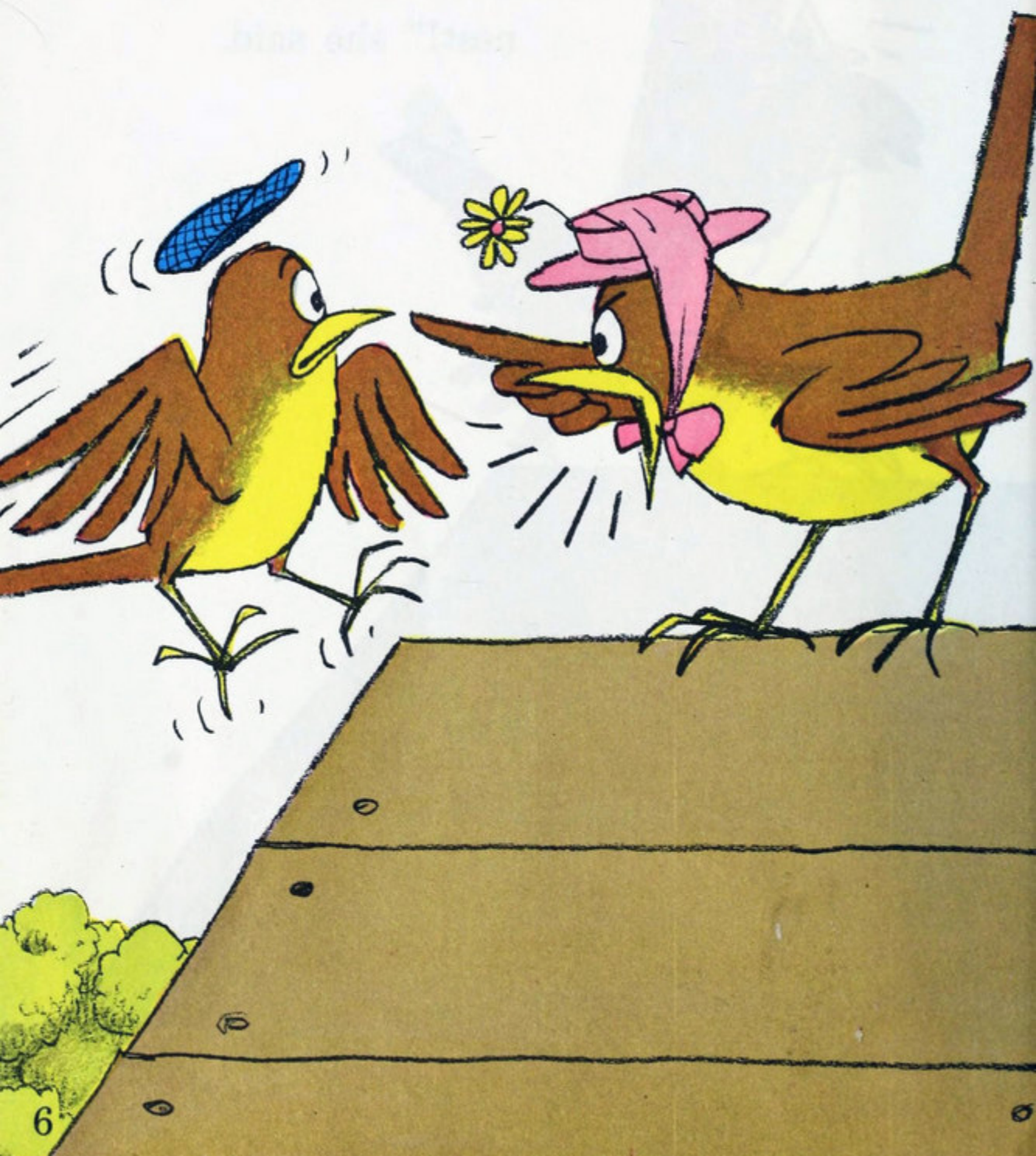






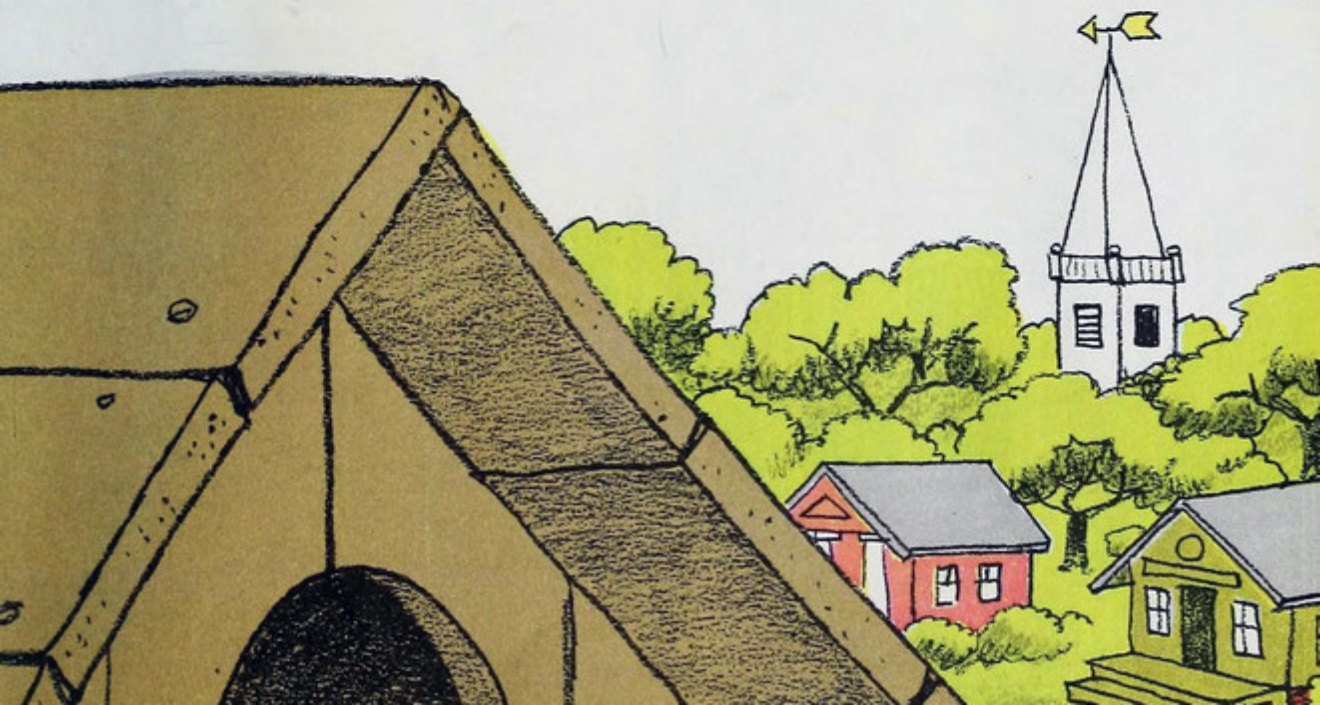
Then Mrs. Bird came  
out of the house.  
“It’s NOT the best  
nest!” she said.







“I’m tired of this old place,”  
said Mrs. Bird. “I hate it.  
Let’s look for a new place  
right now!”



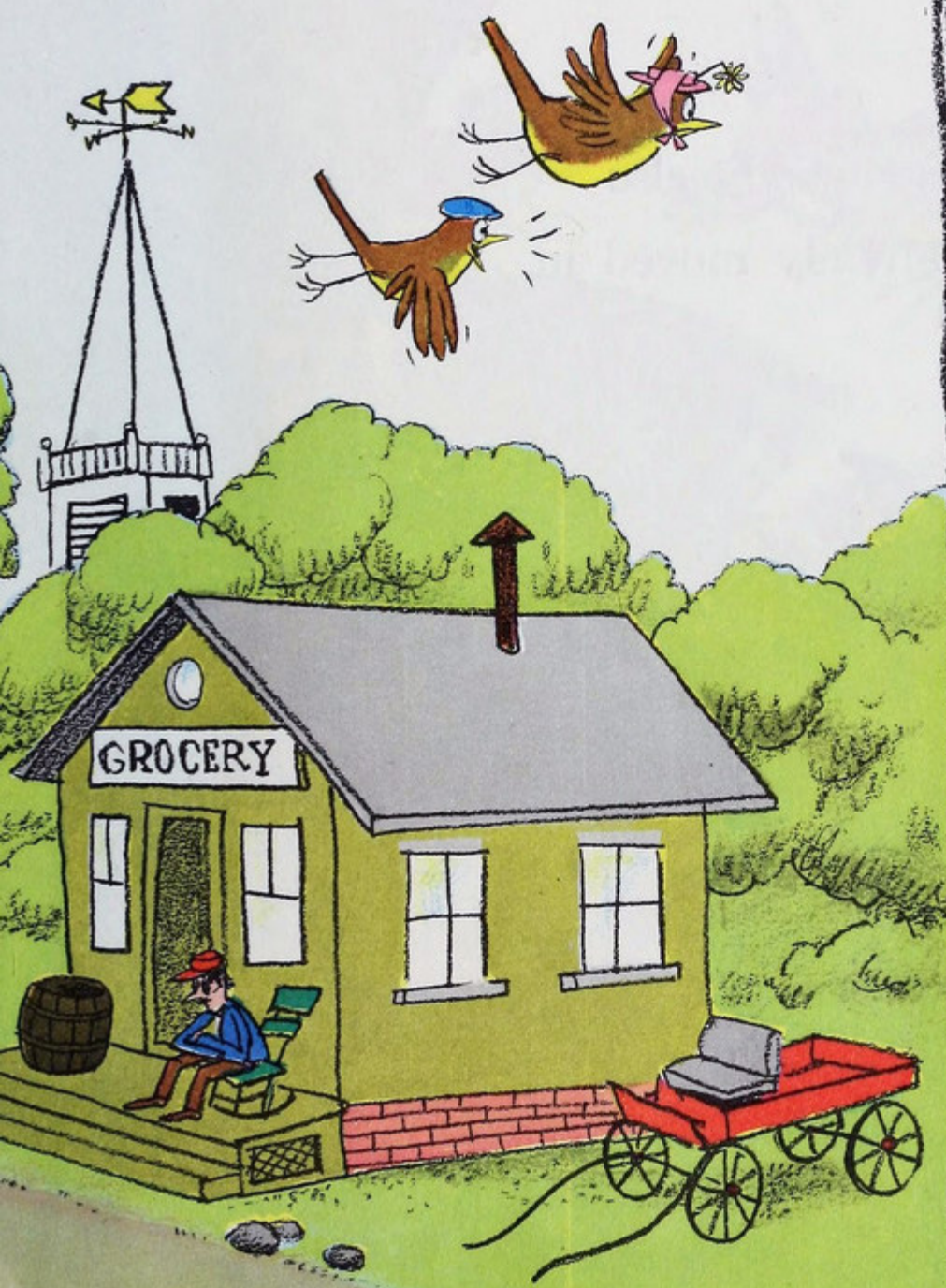
So they left the old place  
to look for a new one.





"This place looks nice,"  
said Mr. Bird.

"Let's move in here."





But somebody else  
had already moved in.





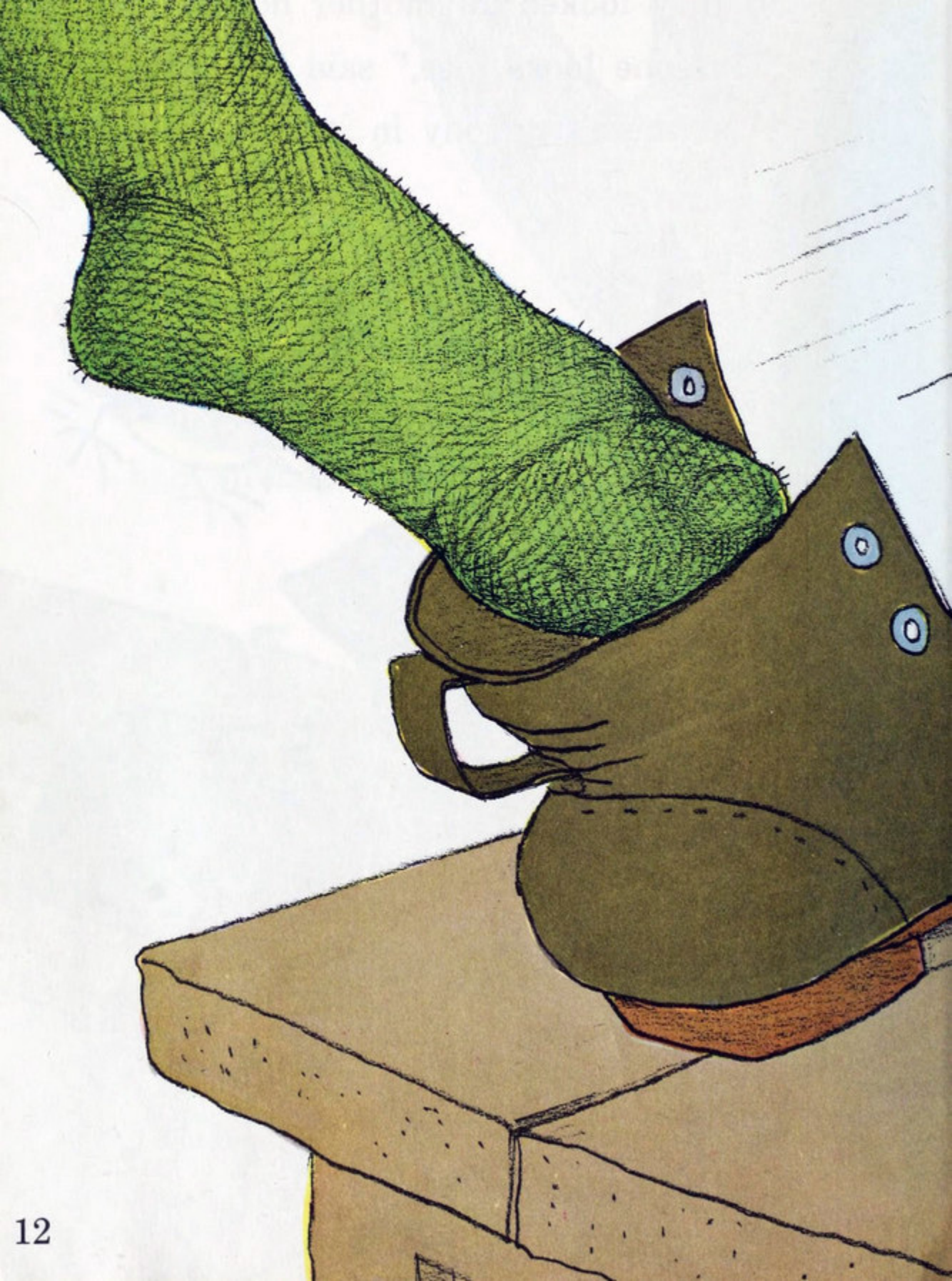
So they looked at another house.

“This one looks nice,” said Mr. Bird.

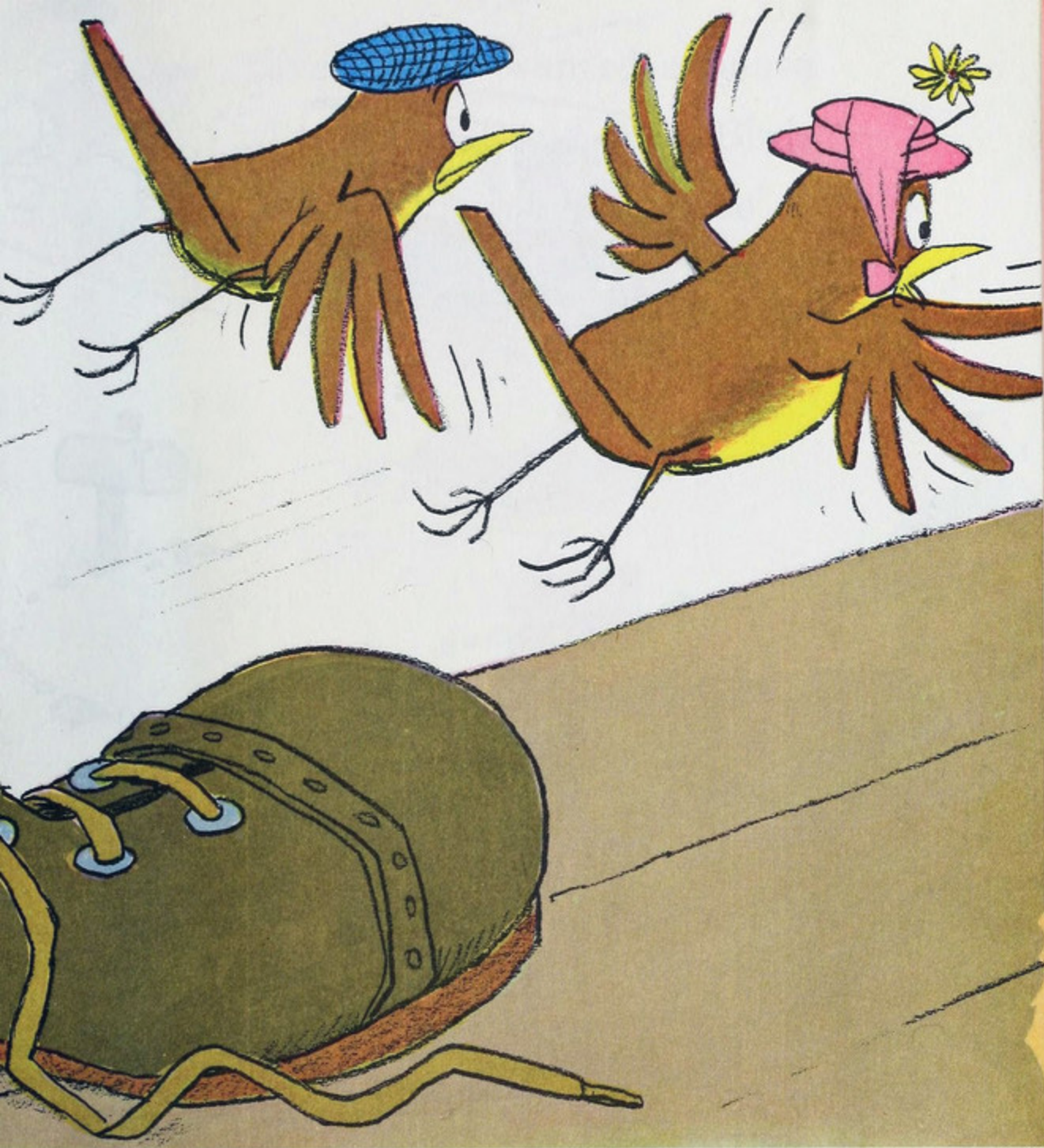
“And there’s nobody in it.”











“You’re wrong,” said Mrs. Bird.  
“This house belongs to a foot!”





So they went on looking.

“I like this one,” said Mr. Bird.

“It has a pretty red flag  
on the roof.”



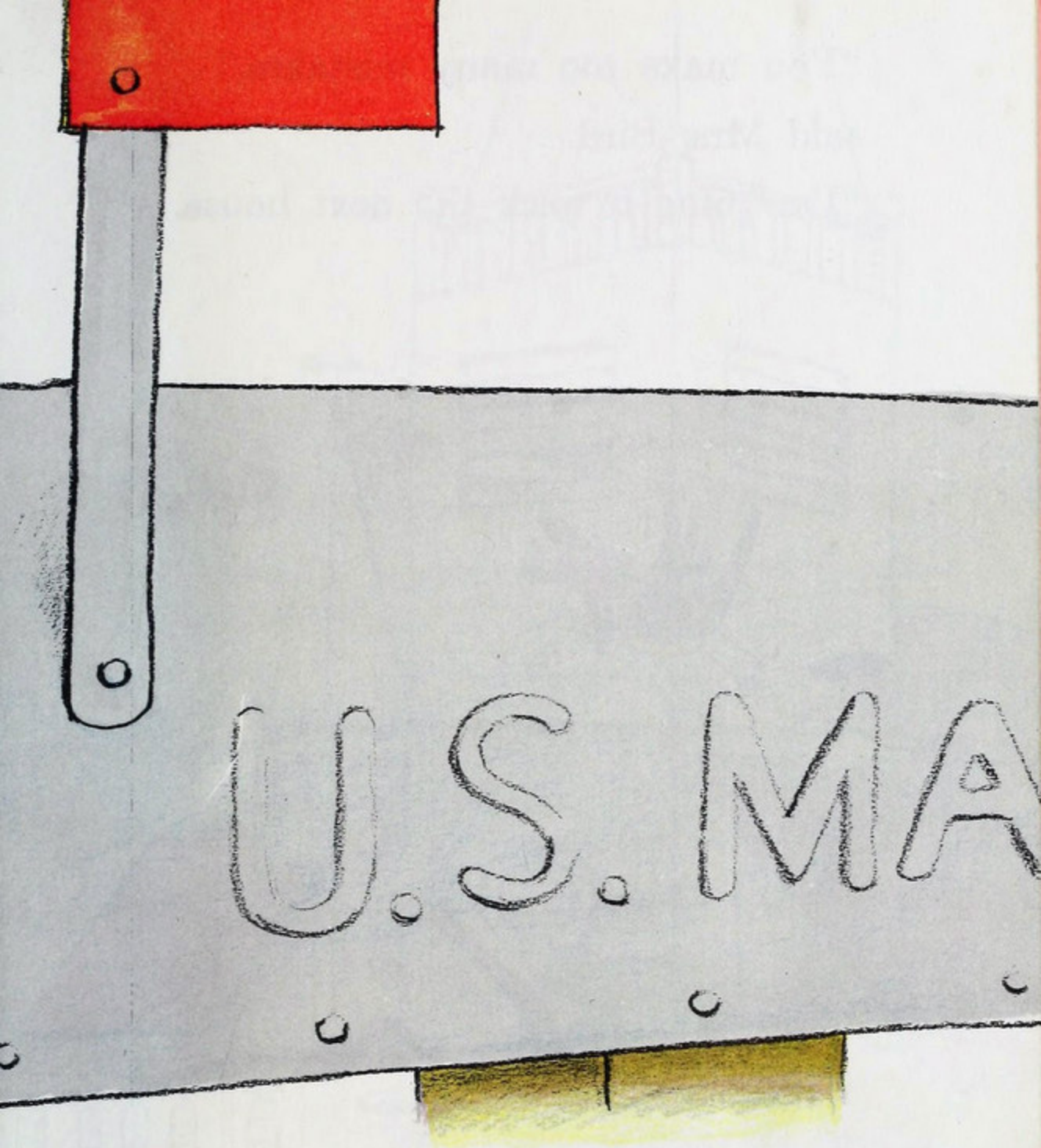
“I’ve always wanted a house  
with a flag,” said Mrs. Bird.  
“Maybe this place will be  
all right.”











But it was not all right!

"I guess I made a mistake,"  
said Mr. Bird.

“You make too many mistakes,”  
said Mrs. Bird.

“I’m going to pick the next house.



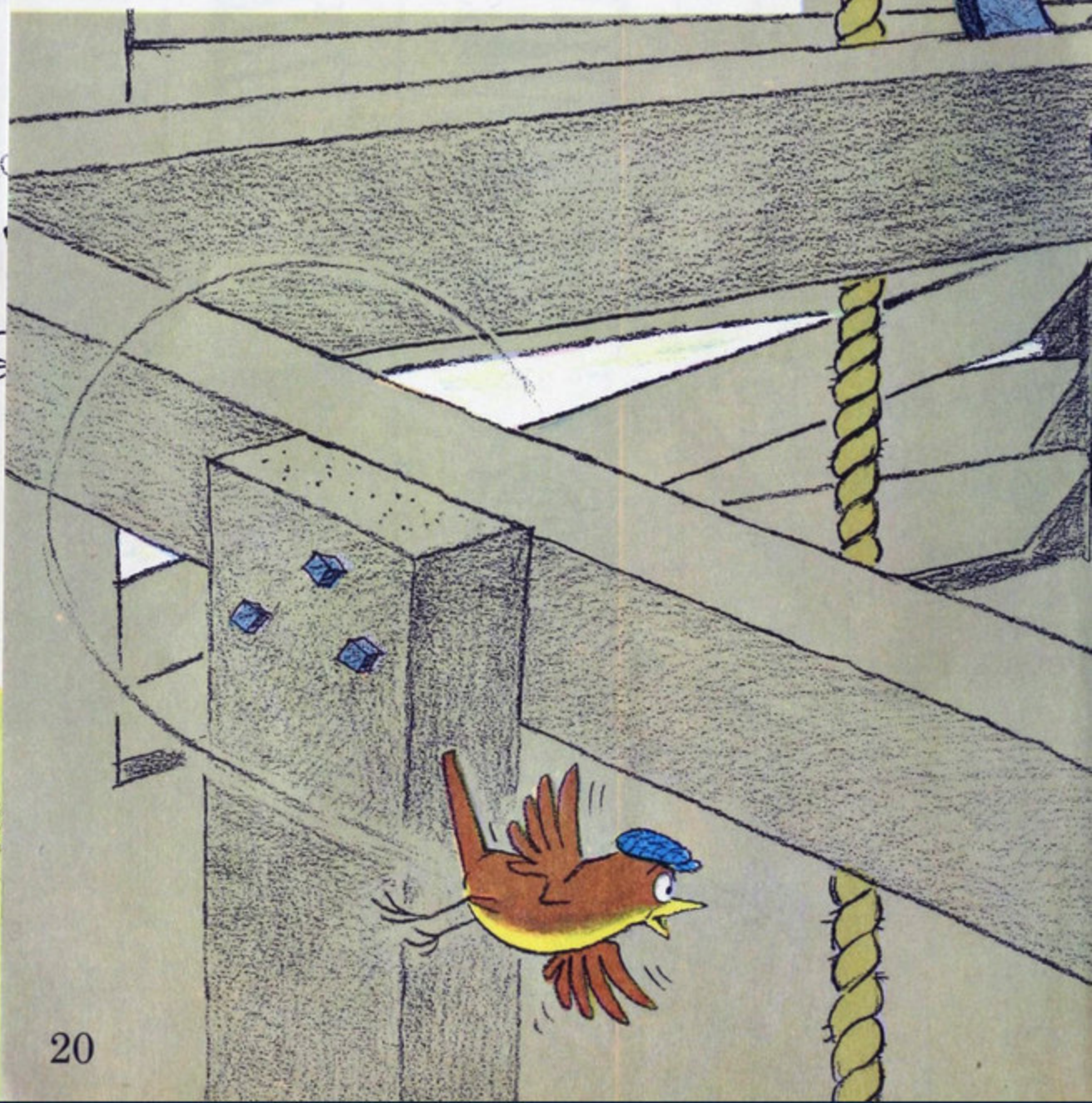




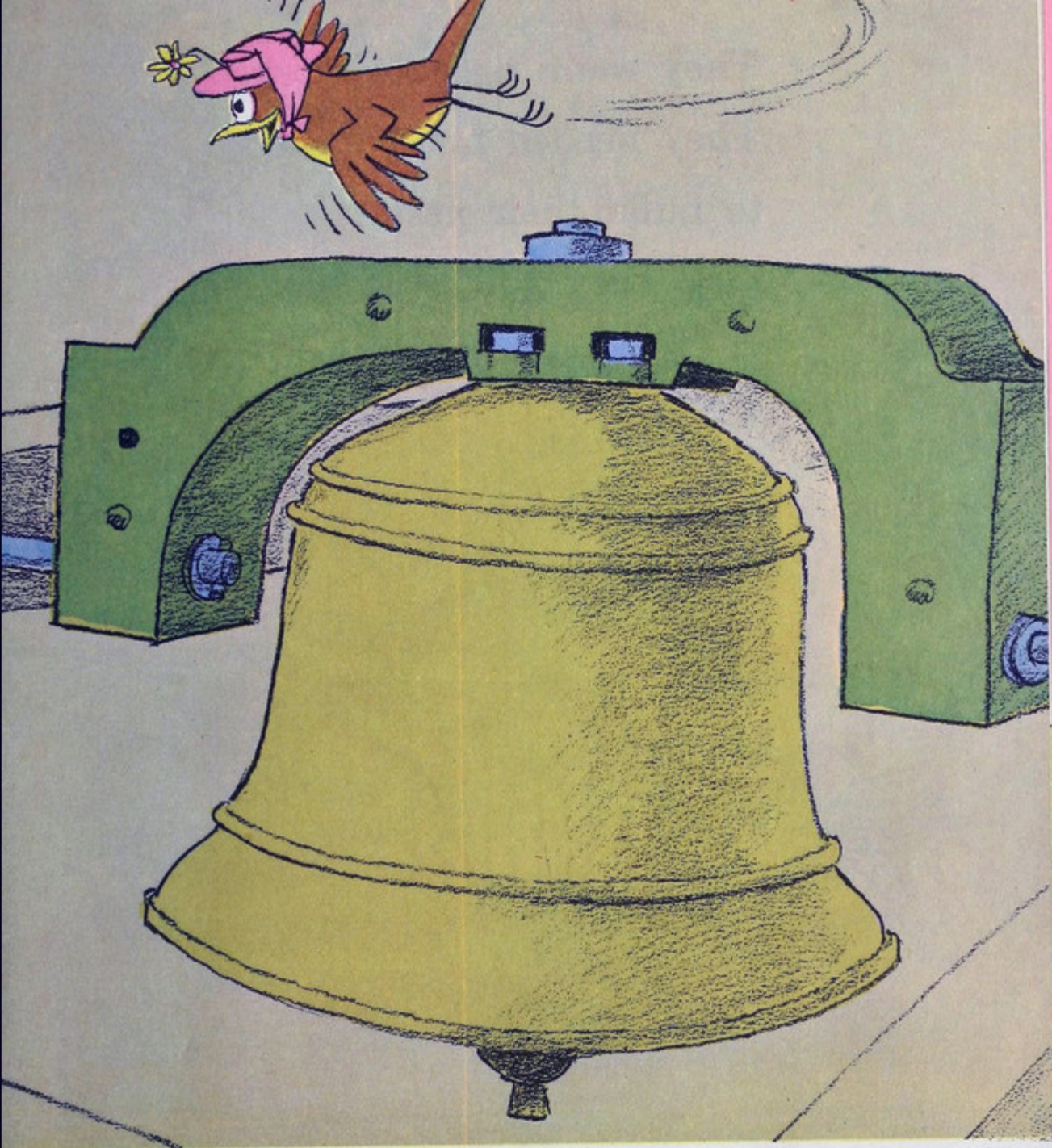
“And here it is—right here!”



They flew in.  
They looked around.  
“Isn’t it too big?”  
asked Mr. Bird.







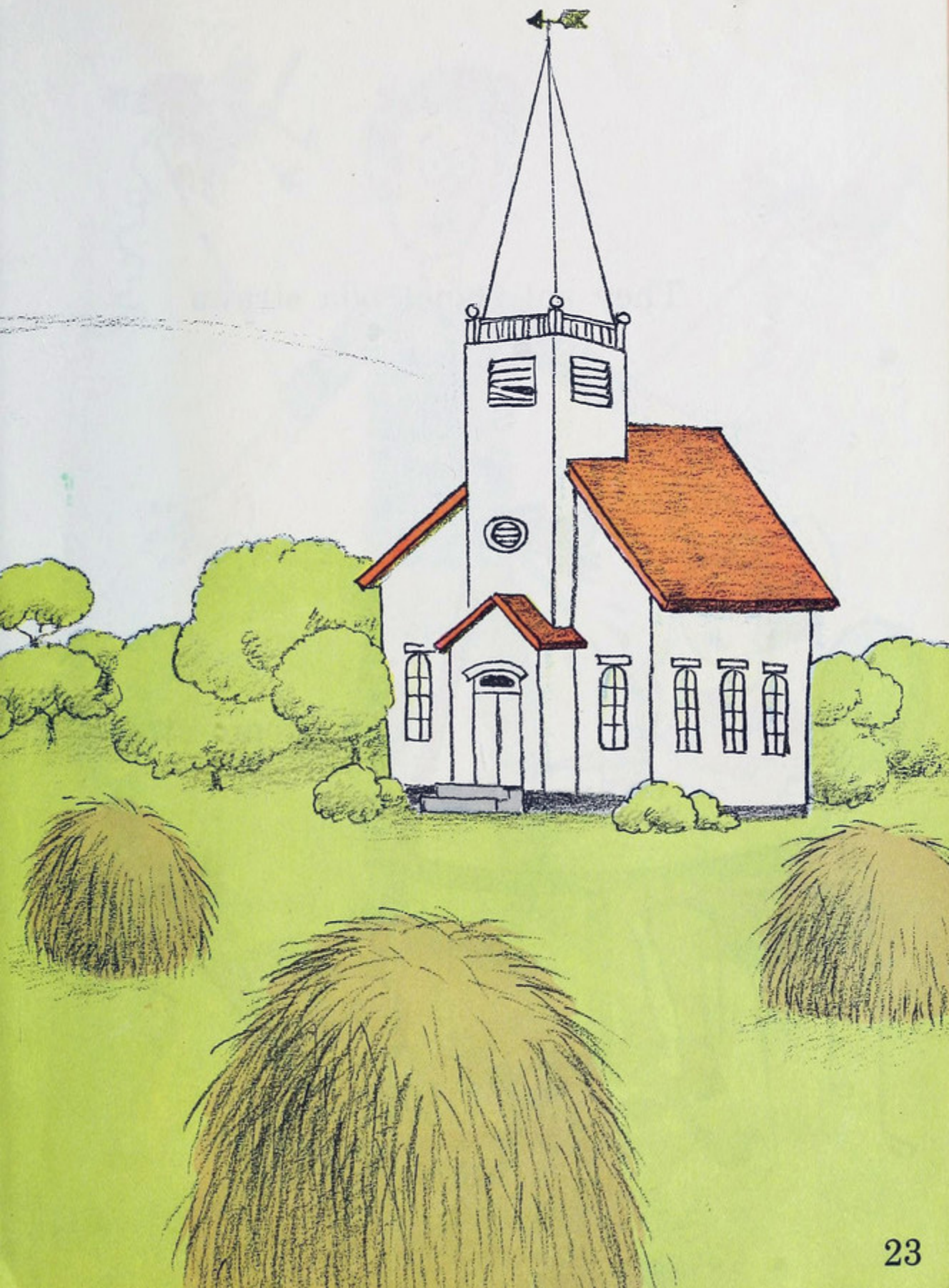
“I like this big place,”  
said Mrs. Bird. “This is the place  
to build our new nest.”



They went right to work.  
They needed many things  
to build their nest.  
First they got some hay.







They got some soda straws



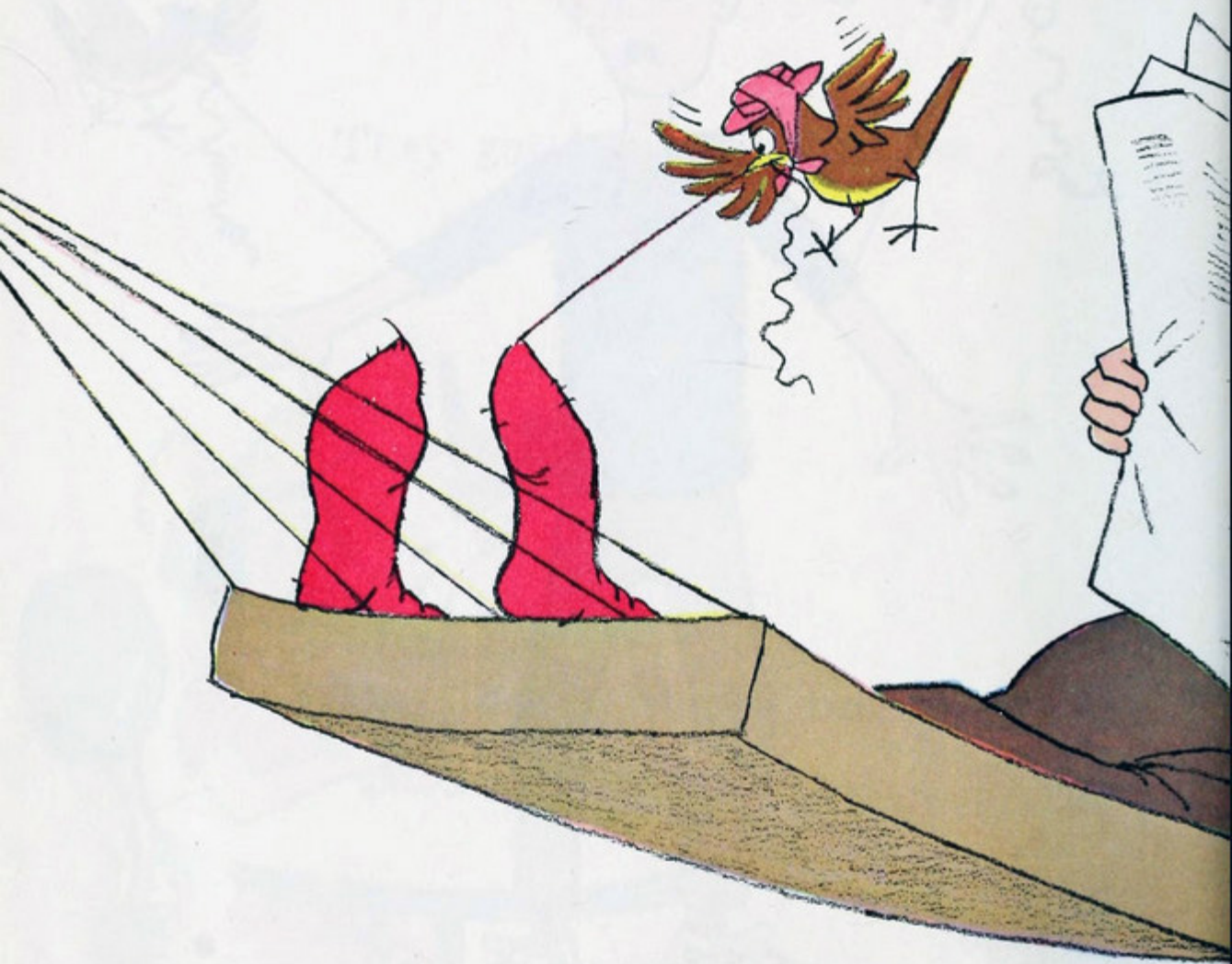
and broom straws.





They got some sweater string.

They got some stocking string . . .







. . . and mattress stuffing.





They got some horse hair.

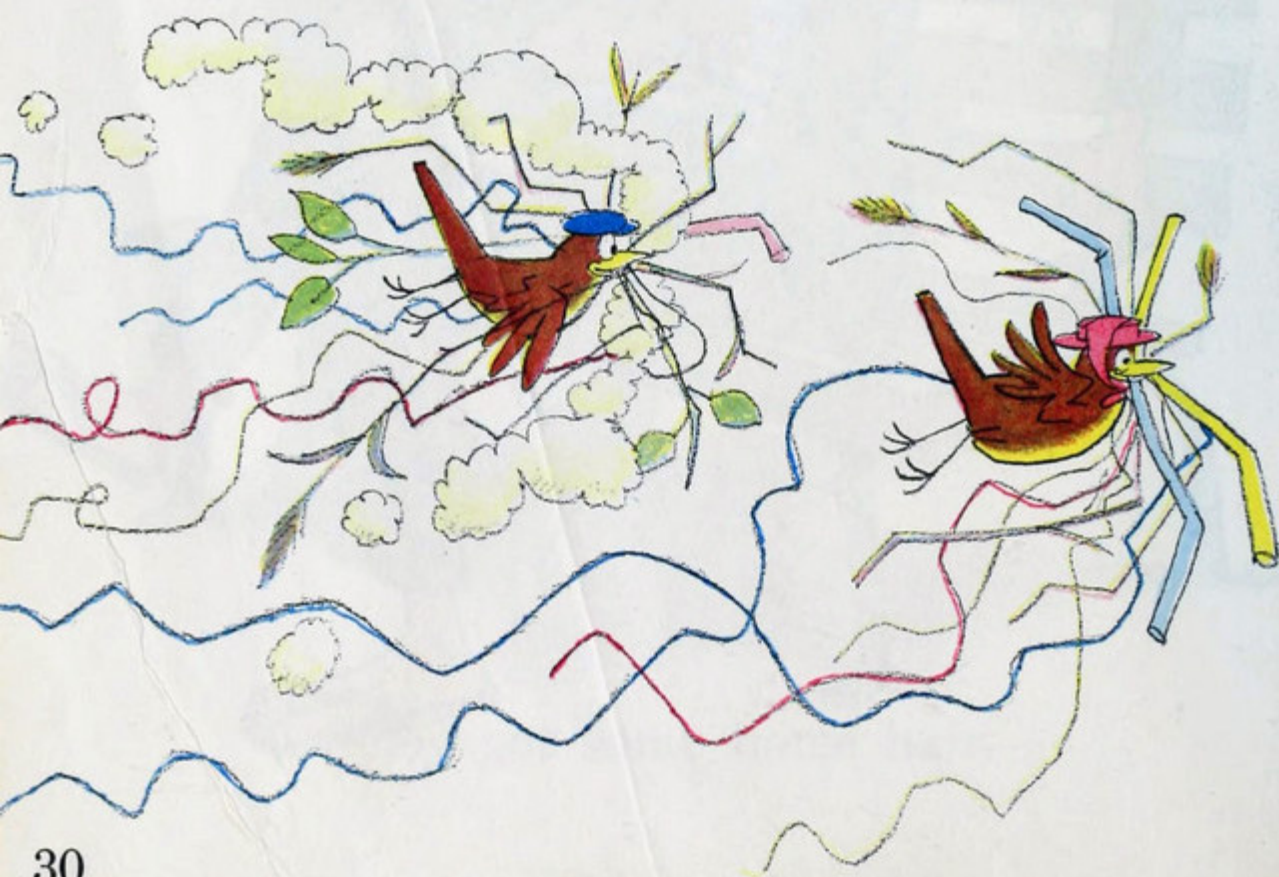


They got some man hair.

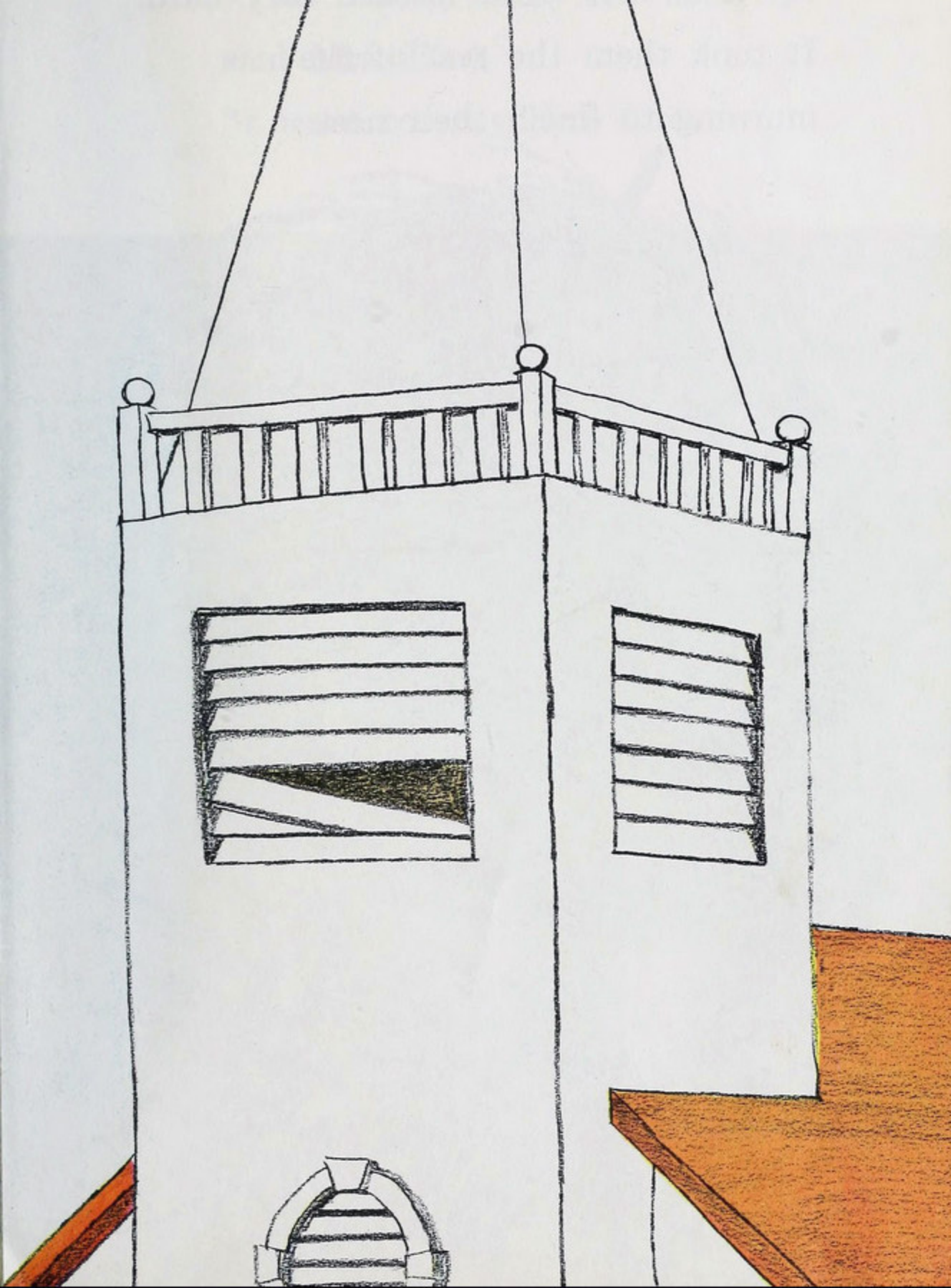


Soon they had all the hay,  
all the straw, all the string,  
all the stuffing, all the  
horse hair, and all the man hair  
they could carry.

They took it all back  
to build their nest.

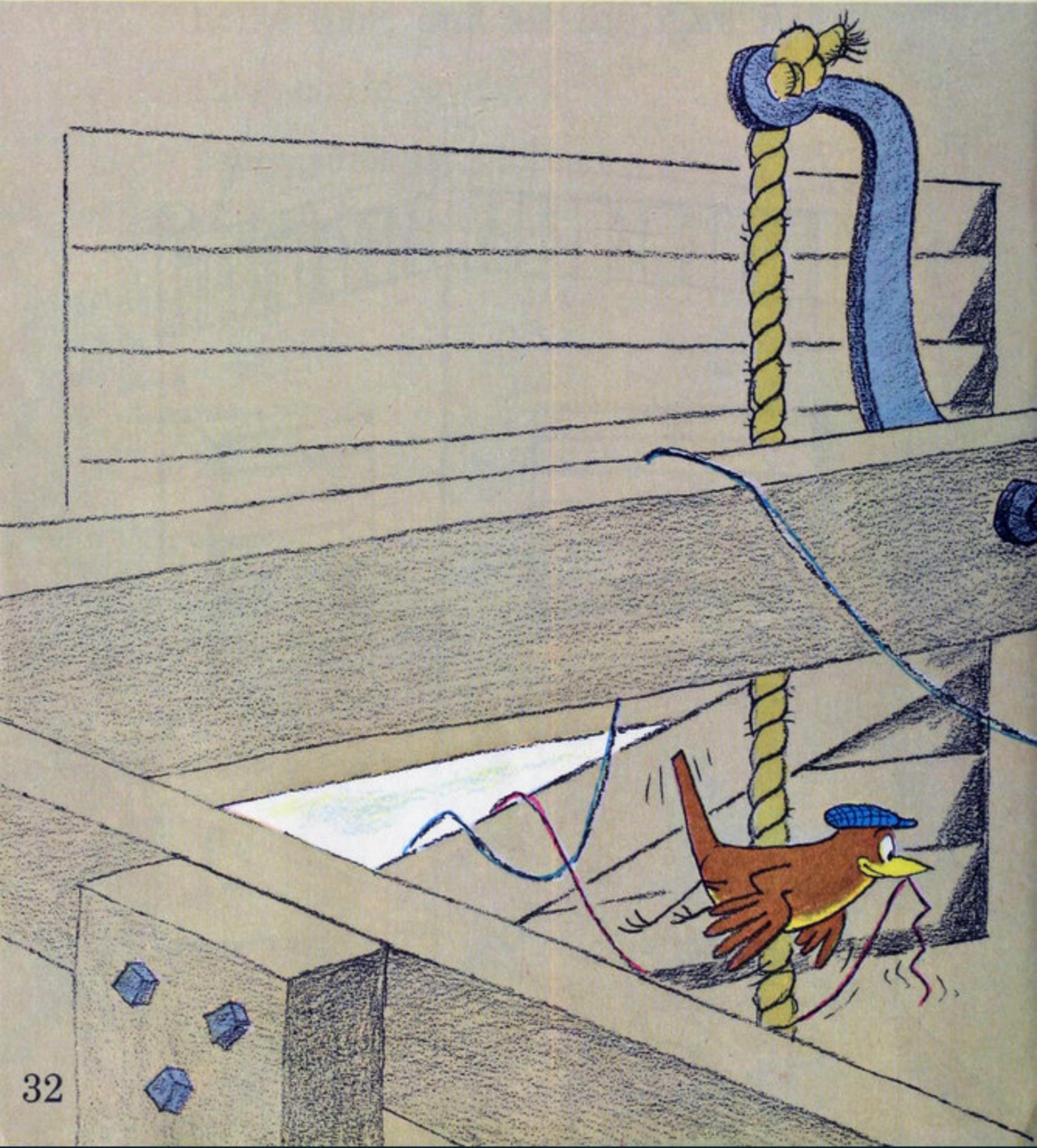








Mr. and Mrs. Bird worked very hard.  
It took them the rest of the  
morning to finish their nest.

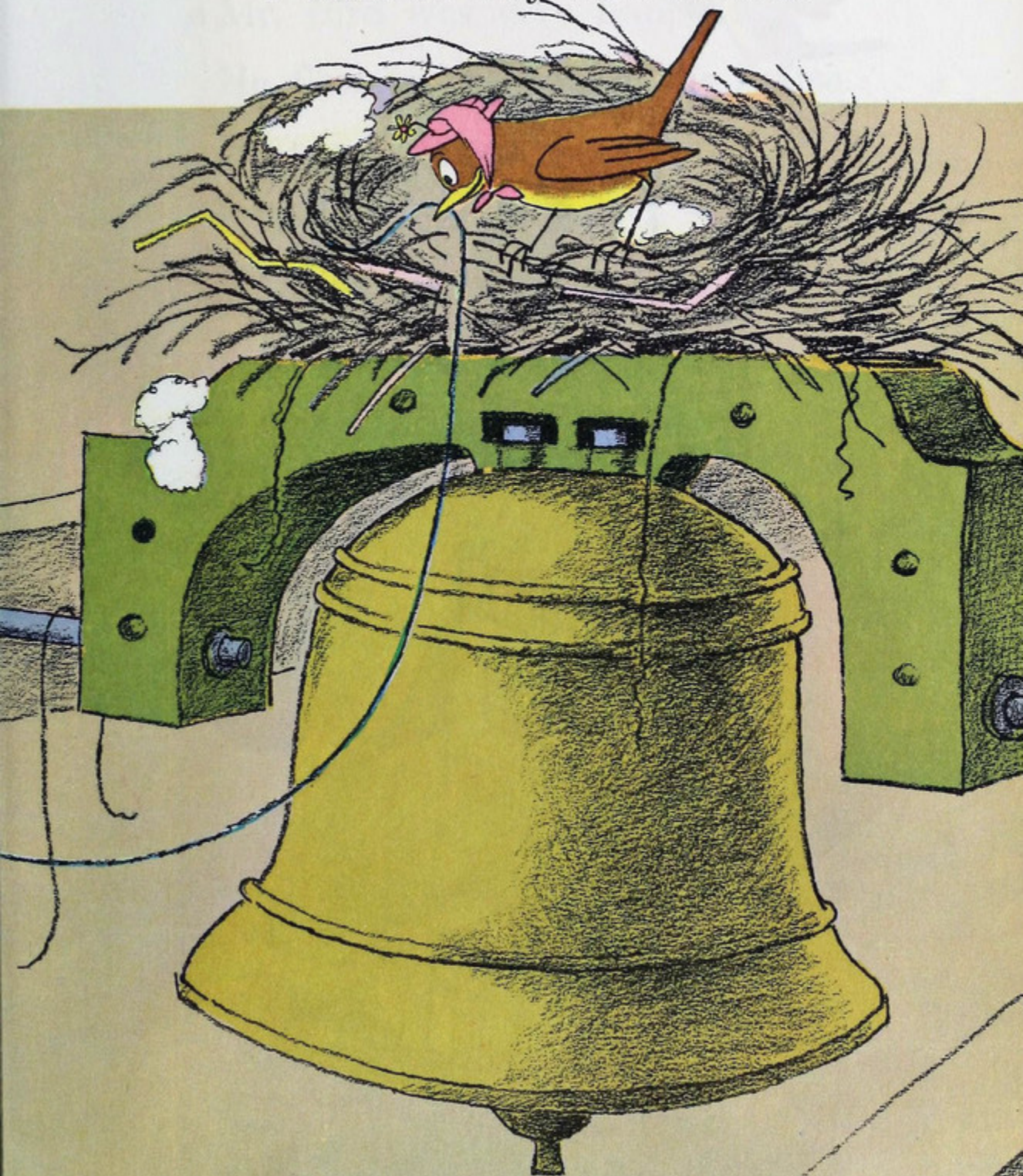




"This nest is really the best!"

said Mrs. Bird.

"I want to stay here forever."









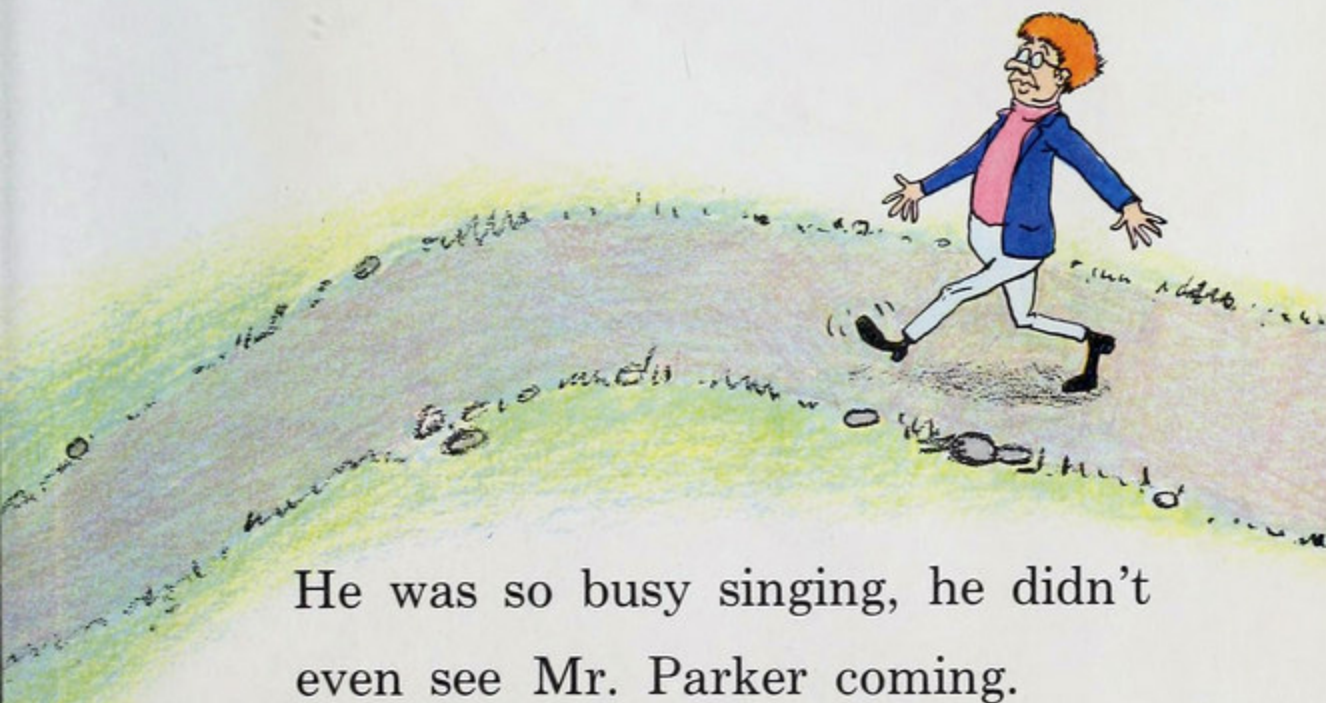
Mr. Bird was very happy too.  
He flew to the top of his house.  
He sang his song again:

“I love our house.

I love our nest.

In all the world

Our nest is best!”



He was so busy singing, he didn't  
even see Mr. Parker coming.

Every day at twelve o'clock,  
Mr. Parker came to the church.  
Mr. Parker came to pull a rope.  
The rope went up  
to the Birds' new nest.







The rope rang the big bell  
right under Mrs. Bird's nest.





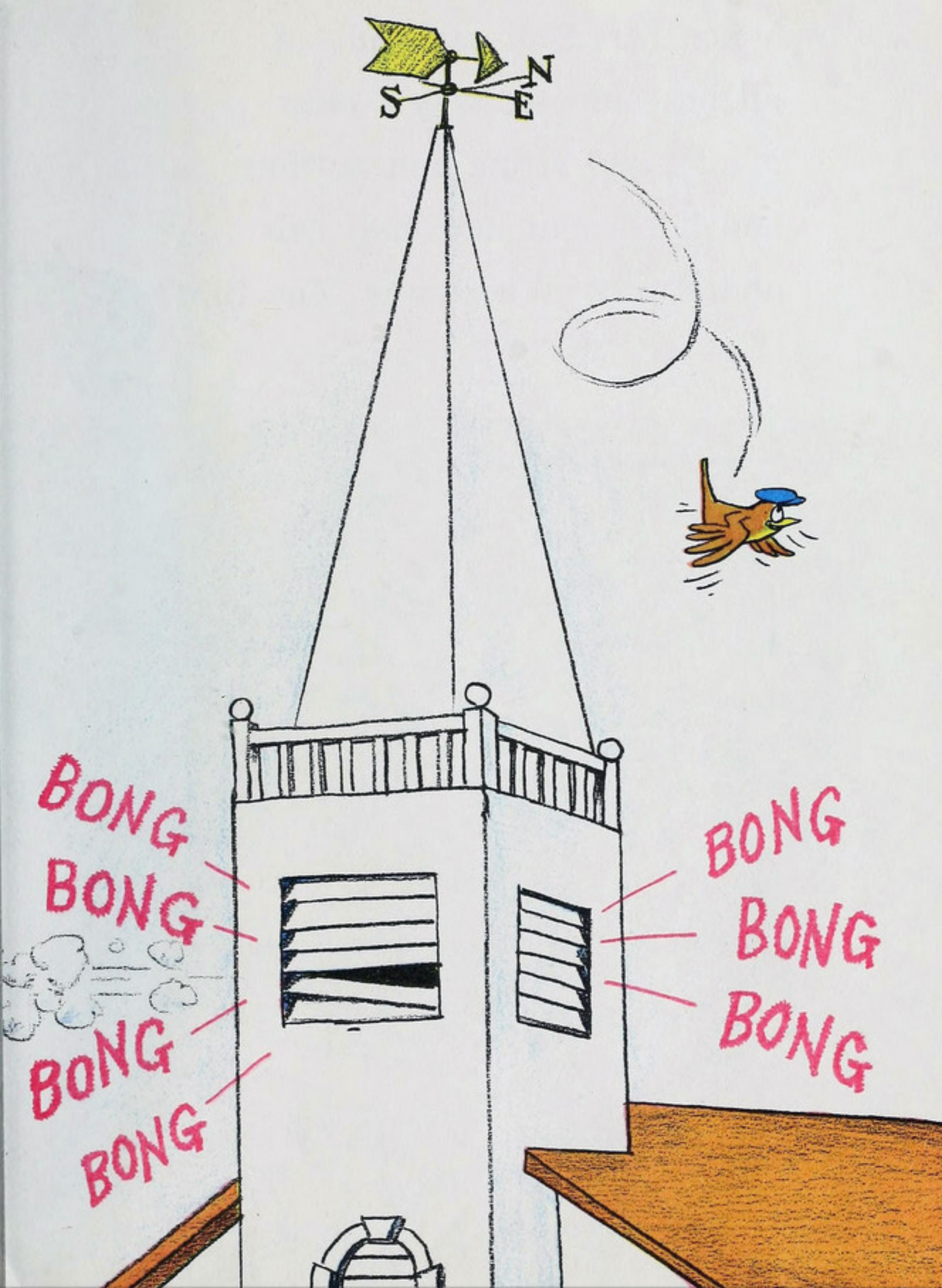




Mrs. Bird got out of there  
as fast as she could fly.







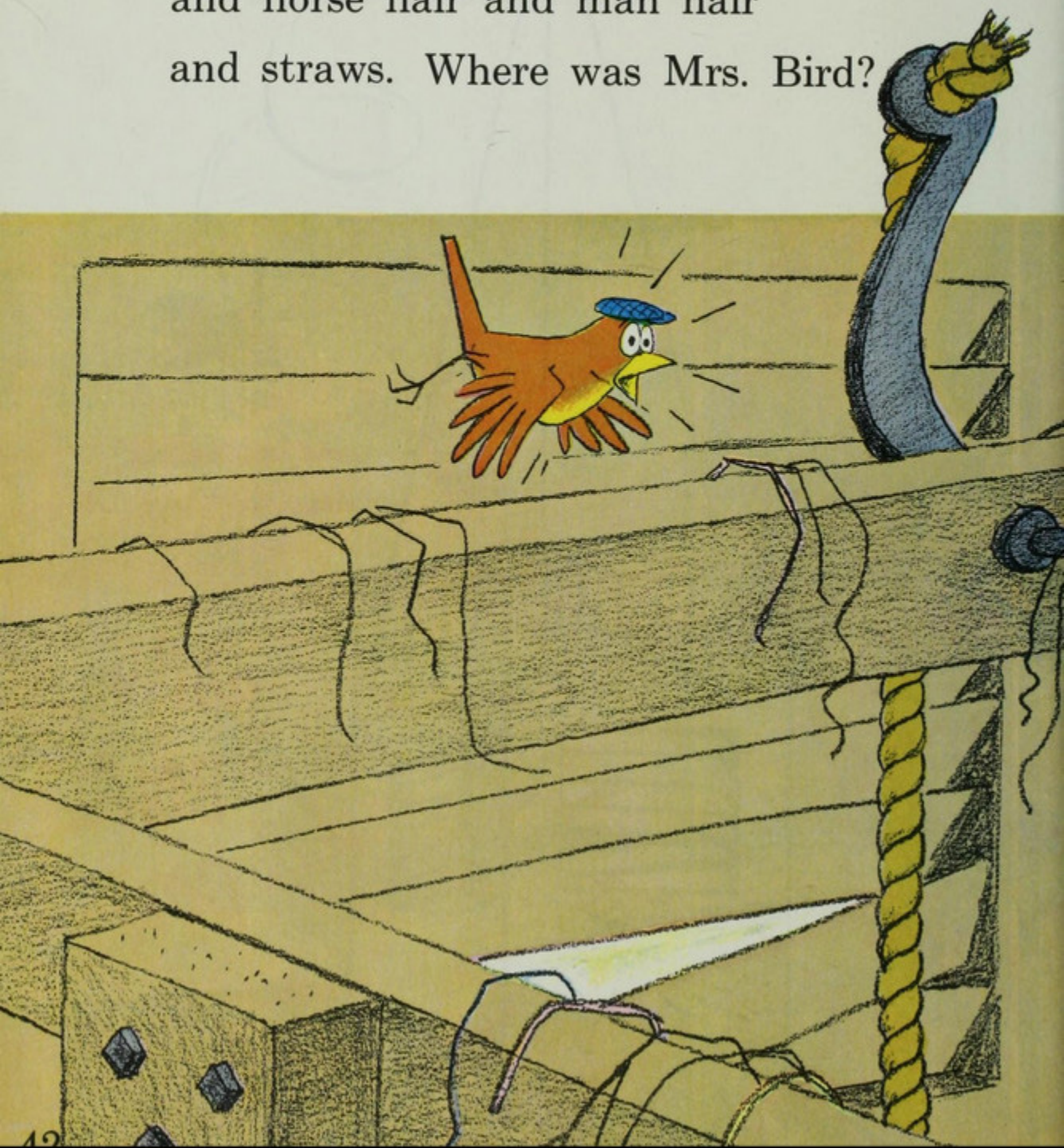
S E N

BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG

BONG  
BONG  
BONG



When Mr. Bird came in,  
all he could see was a mess  
of hay and string and stuffing  
and horse hair and man hair  
and straws. Where was Mrs. Bird?



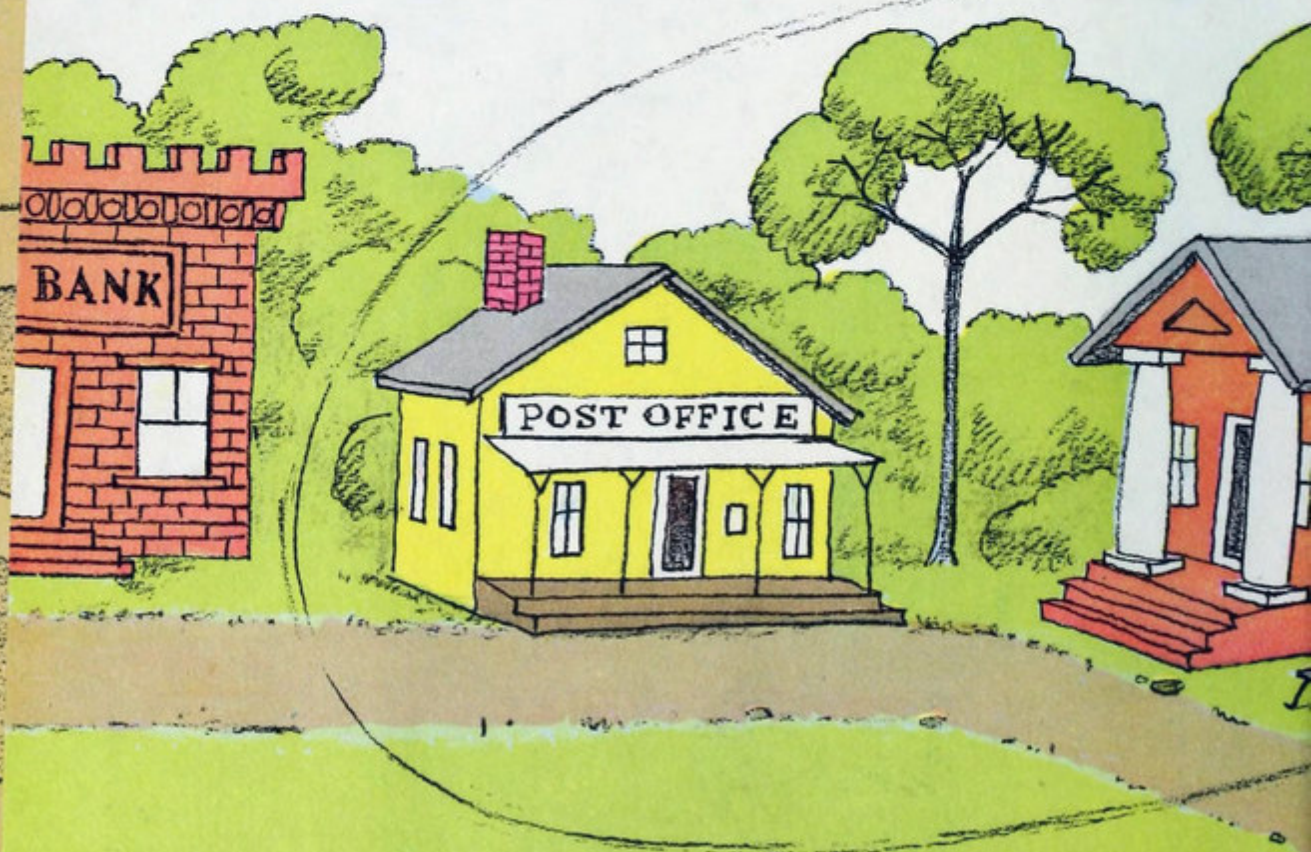




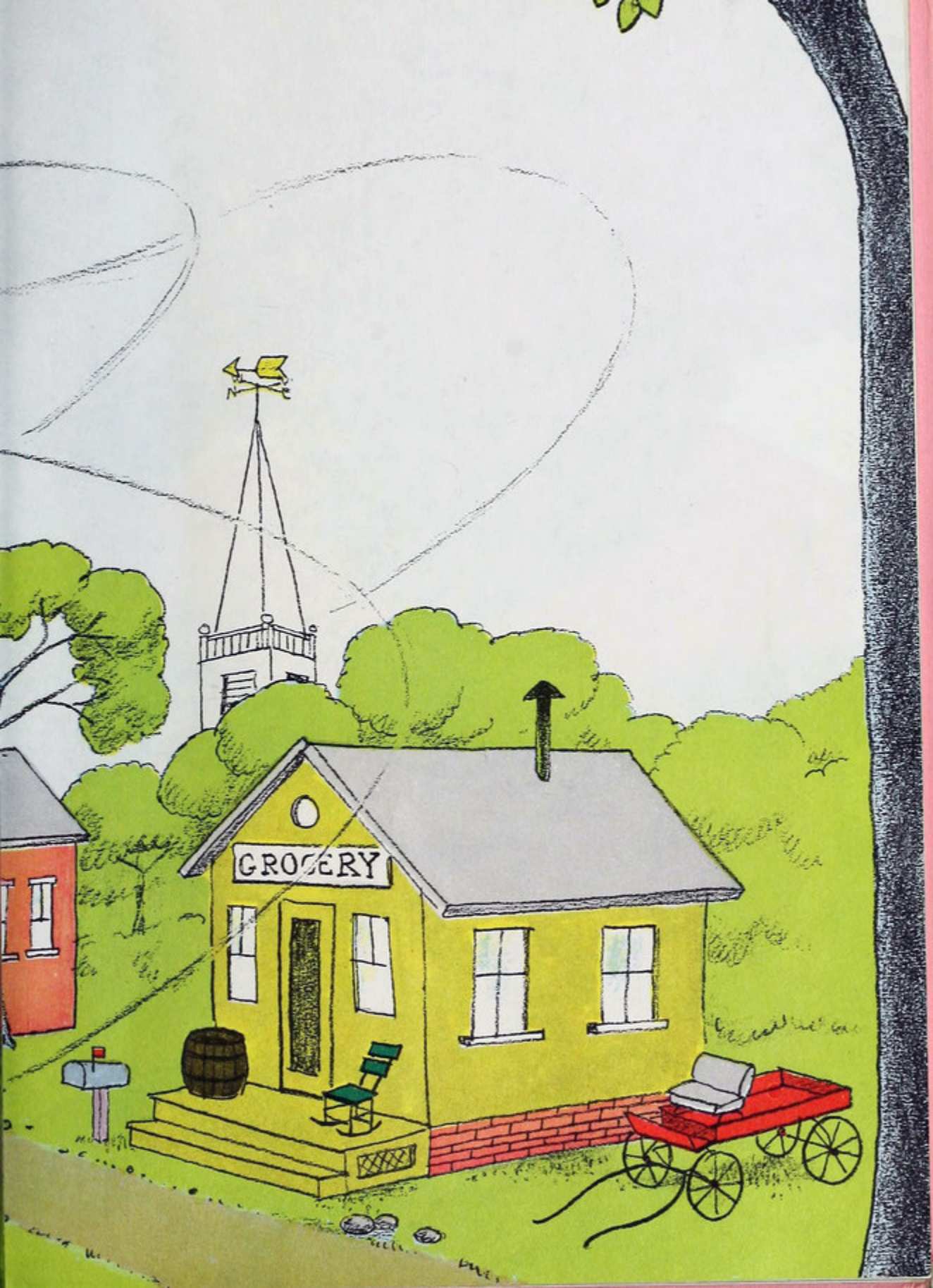


"I will look for her until I find her,"  
said Mr. Bird. He looked high.  
He looked low.

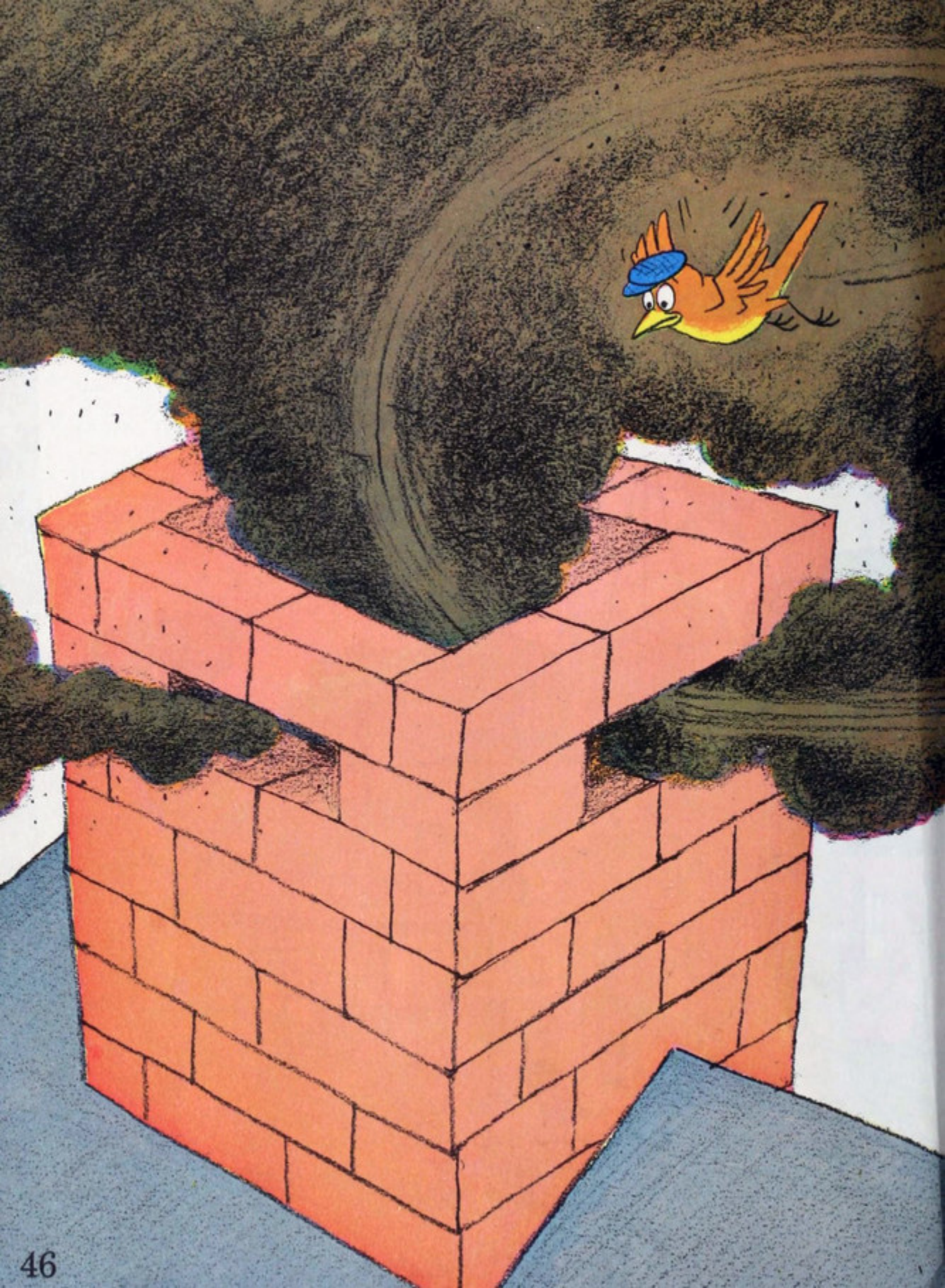
He looked everywhere for Mrs. Bird.



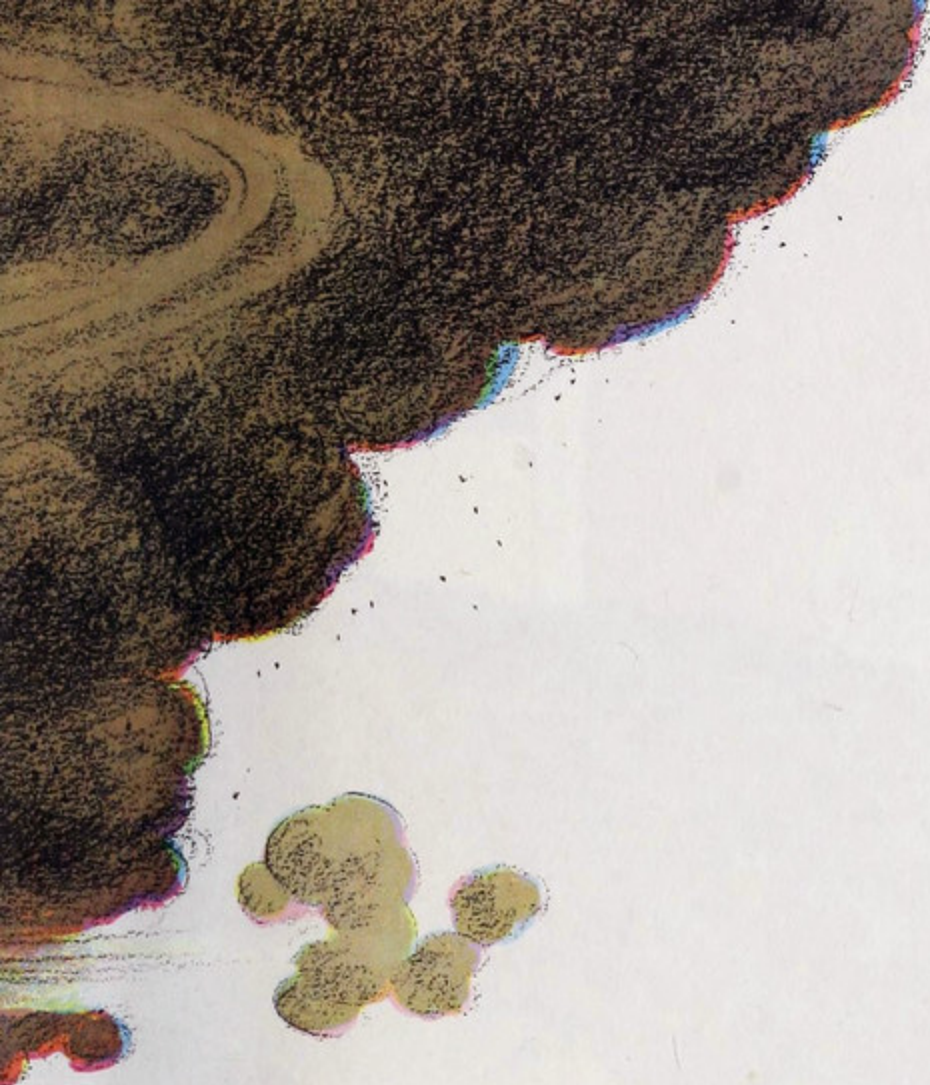






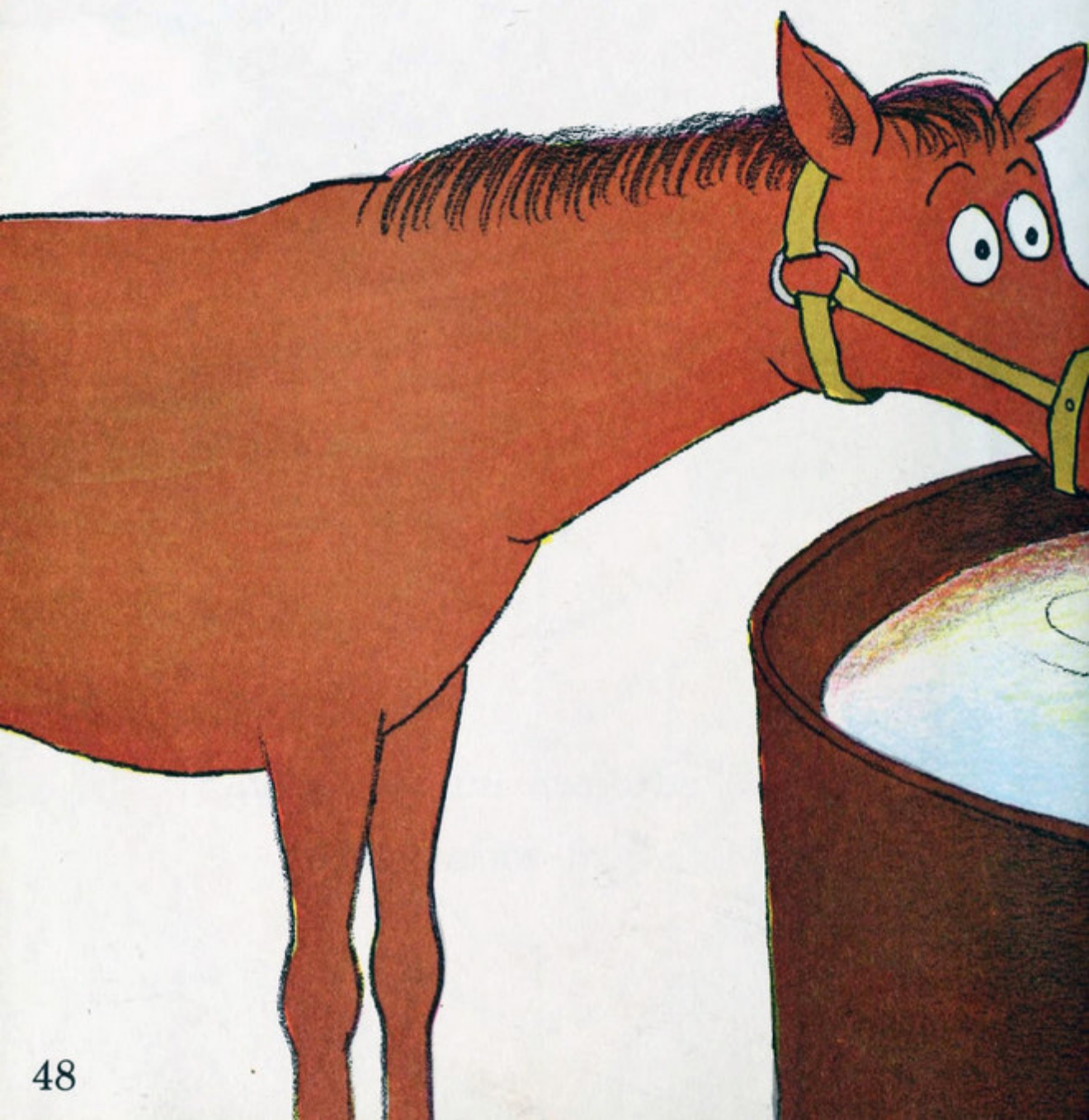






He looked down into a chimney.  
But Mrs. Bird wasn't there.

He looked down into a water barrel.  
But Mrs. Bird wasn't there.





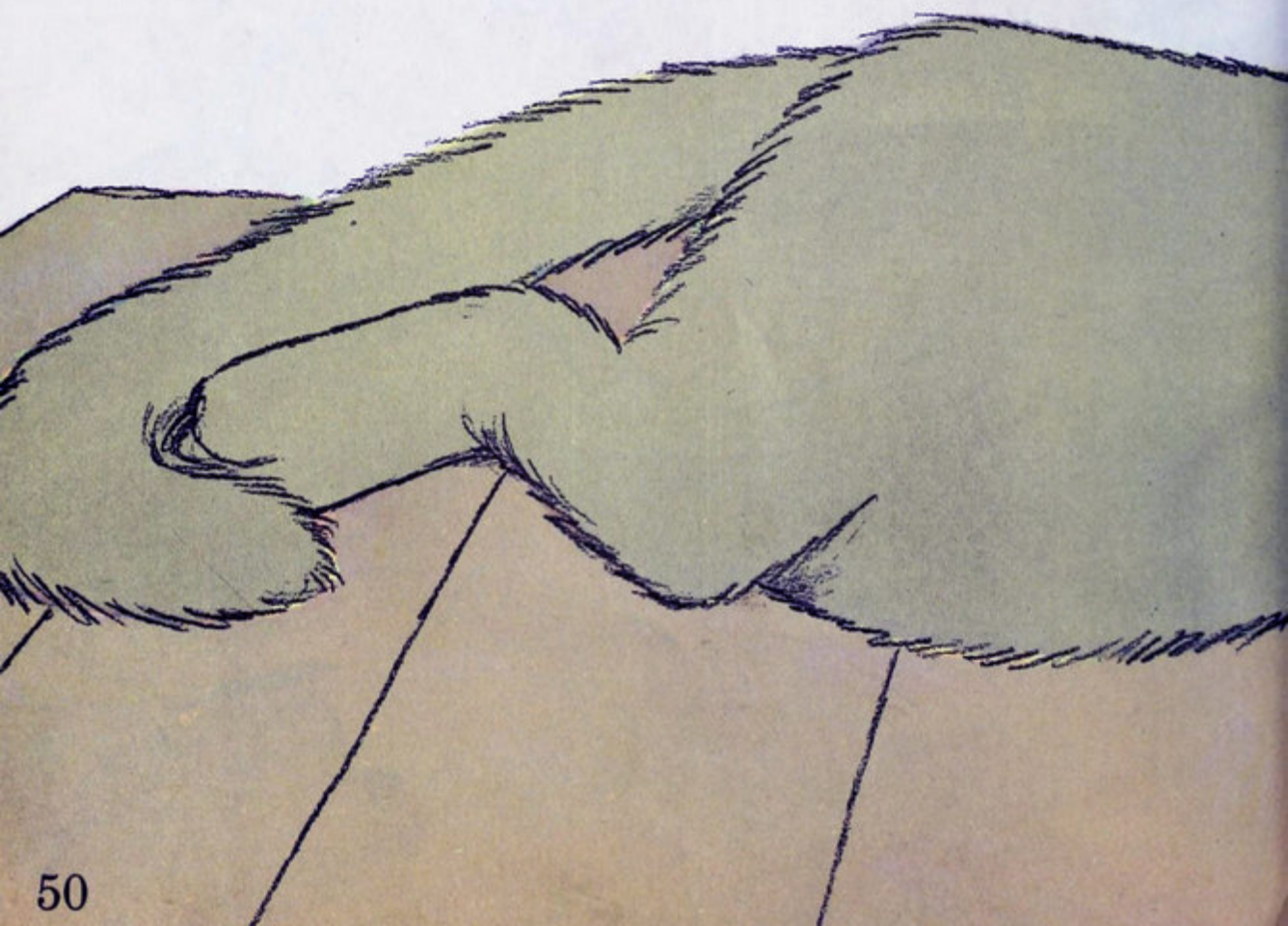




Then he saw a big fat cat.

There was a big fat smile  
on the fat cat's face.

There were some pretty brown feathers  
near the fat cat's mouth.







Mr. Bird began to cry.

"Oh, dear!" he cried.

"This big fat cat has eaten Mrs. Bird!"





Mr. Bird flew off.

“I’ll never see

Mrs. Bird again,” he cried.

It was getting dark.

It began to rain.

It rained harder and harder.

Mr. Bird could not see

where he was going.

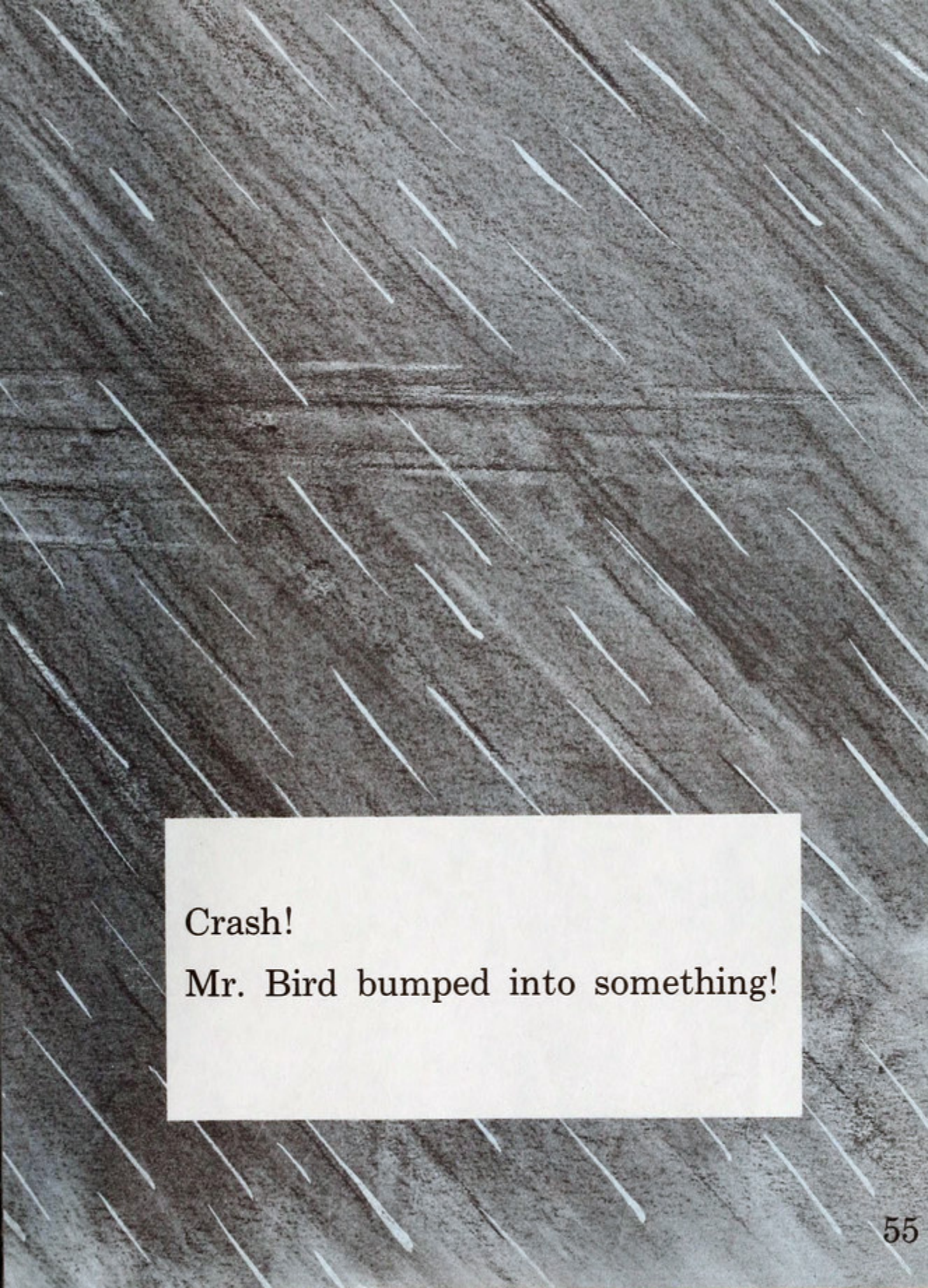












Crash!

Mr. Bird bumped into something!



It was his old house—  
that old, old house that Mrs. Bird hated.







“I’ll go inside,” said Mr Bird.

“I’ll rest here until the rain stops.”



Mr. Bird went in.  
And there was Mrs. Bird!  
Sitting there,  
singing!

“I love my house.

I love my nest.

In all the world

This nest is best.”

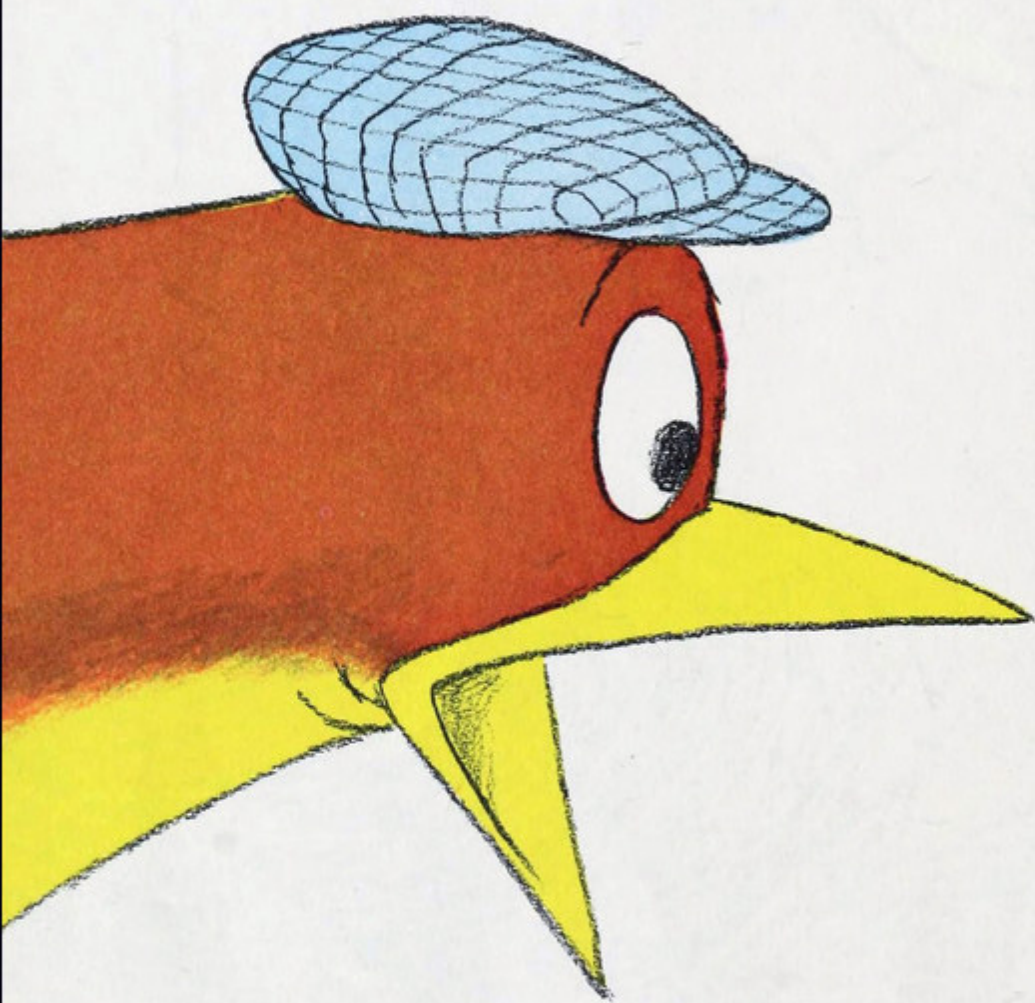




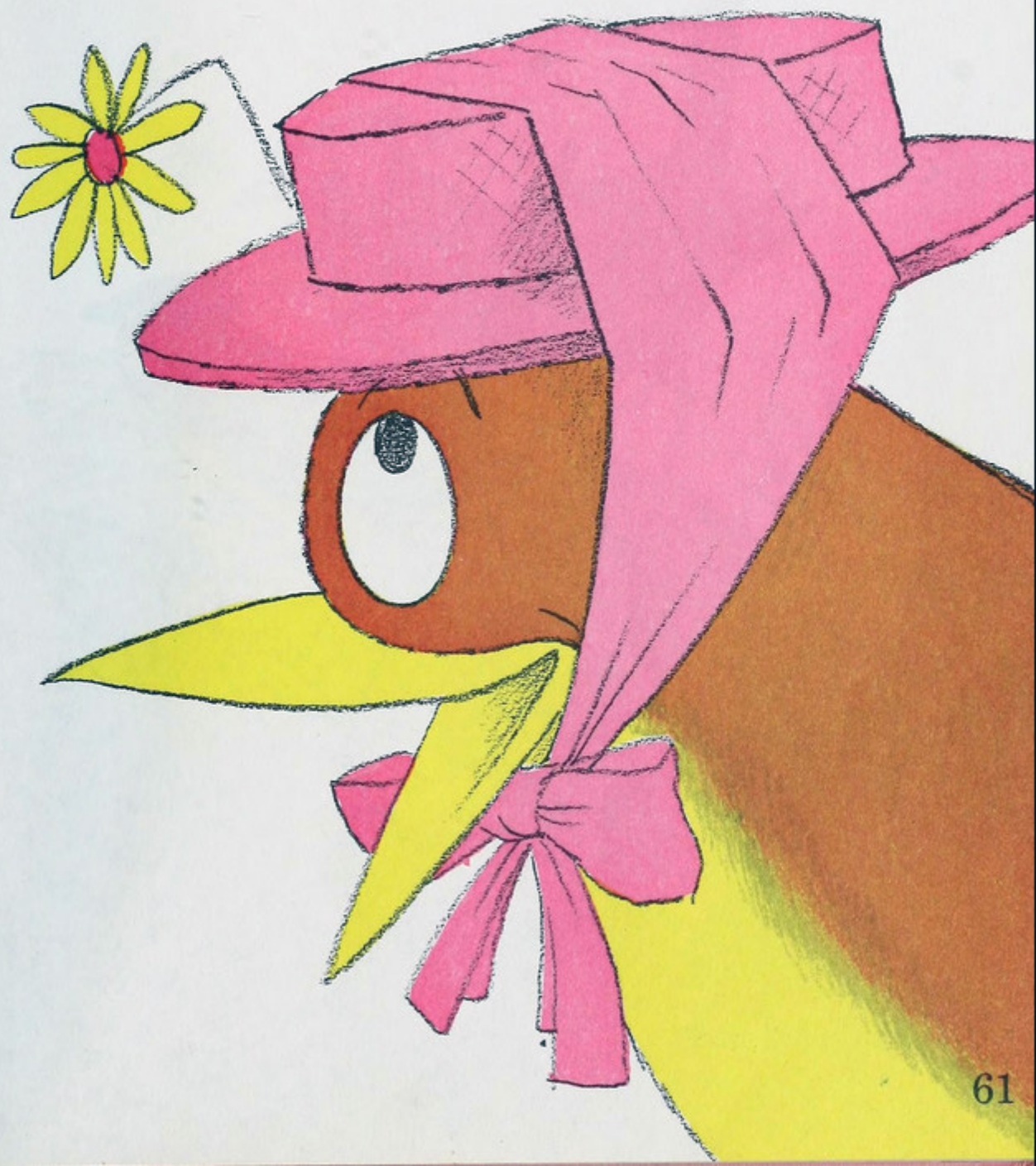


*"You! Here!"* gasped Mr. Bird.

"I thought you hated this old nest!"









Mrs. Bird smiled.

“I used to hate it,” she said.

“But a mother bird  
can change her mind.

You see . . .





. . . there's no nest  
like an old nest—  
for a brand-new bird!”





And when the egg popped open,  
the new bird thought so too!

